

The Department of Music
of
The University of Alberta
presents

CINDY BUSLER, soprano

Wednesday, March 18, 1981 at 8:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Gerechter Gott, ach, rechnest du
from Cantata 89 (1723) Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Delane Peters, oboe
Sylvia Shadick, harpsichord

Auf Dem Strom (1828) Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Ken Howe, French horn
Ina Dykstra, piano

Clair de lune (1887) Gabriel Fauré
Toujours (1878) (1845-1924)

Chanson d'Amour (1882)
Notre Amour (1879)

Sylvia Shadick, piano

INTERMISSION

The Lilacs (1902) Sergei Rachmaninoff
On the Death of a Linnet (1902) (1873-1943)

Melody (1902)
The Harvest of Sorrow (1893)

Die Spröde (1889) Hugo Wolf
Die Bekehrte (1889) (1860-1903)

Auf ein altes Bild (1888)
Elfenlied (1888)

From Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson (1950) Aaron Copland
The world feels dusty

Heart, we will forget him

Why do they shut me out of Heaven

Sylvia Shadick, piano

TRANSLATIONS

"Gerechter Gott, ach, rechnet du," from Cantata No. 89

"Oh Righteous God, allow me to find my soul's salvation in Jesus' blood."

Auf Den Strom (on the river)

Take the kisses waved in greeting
That must end our last sad meeting,
Bearing shoreward all my yearning
E'er thy feet are homeward turning.
Now the boat has felt the current gliding faster every moment.
Straining eyes that tears must fill
longing drives them backward still!
And the river, all uncaring
Bears me on well nigh despairing.
Ah, the meadow lost behind me,
Where so blest was I to find thee.
Dead and gone the days enchanted
Now my bitterness supplanted
O'er the homeland once so fair
Fox the love, the love he gave me there!

How the shore flies past before me,
Where the ties are strong to draw me,
With a bond past understanding,
To that arbour by the landing.
Could I pause there but one moment;
But the river's restless current bears me
With it far and fast to the open sea at last.

Now a waste of waters round us,
Now no friendly coast to bound us,
Not an island, nothing living,
I am filled with dark misgiving,
Trembling with a deep dismay!
From the shore all ties are broken,
fond regrets remain unspoken;
Only storm clouds threaten me,
O'er the grey and rolling sea.

Can the eye discern no longer
Where the land still lies out yonder?
When my searching eyes surrender
To the stars remote in splendor!
Ah, the stars were bright with blessing
When he stood, his love confessing;
There perchance in joy complete
Loving hearts again may meet,
There at last fond hearts may meet!

Clair de lune (poet: Paul Verlaine)

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Where charming masqueraders and dancers are promenading.
Playing the lute and dancing, and almost
Sad beneath their fantastic disguises,
While singing in the minor key
Of triumphant love, and pleasant life.
They seem not to believe in their happiness,
And their song blends with the moonlight,
The quiet moonlight, sad and lovely,
Which sets the birds in the trees adreaming,
And makes the fountains solo with ecstasy,
The tall slim fountains among the marble statues.

Toujours (poet: Charles Graudmougin)

You ask me to be silent,
To flee far from you forever,
And depart in solitude
Without remembering the one I loved!
Rather ask the stars
To fall into the infinite,
The night to lose its veils,
The day to lose its brightness!
Ask the boundless ocean
To drain its vast waves,
And when the winds rage in madness,
To still their mournful cries!
But do not believe that my soul
Will free itself from its bitter sorrows,
And cast off its fire,
As spring casts off its flowers.

Chanson d'Amour (poet: Armand Silvestre)

I love your eyes, I love your face.
 O my rebellious, o my fierce one,
 I love your eyes, I love your lips
 Where my kisses will exhaust themselves.
 I love your voice, I love the strange
 Gracefulness of everything that you say,
 O my rebellious one, o my dear angel,
 My inferno and my paradise!
 I love your eyes, I love your face,
 I love everything that makes you beautiful,
 From your feet to your hair,
 O you, to whom ascend all my desires!

Notre Amour (poet: Armand Silvestre)

Our love is a light thing
 Like the perfumes which the wind
 Lifts from the top of the fern
 To be inhaled in dreaming.
 Our love is a light thing,
 Our love is a thing with charm,
 Like the songs of the morn,
 With no expression of regret,
 In which vibrates an undertain hope...
 Our love is a charming thing!
 Our love is a sacred thing
 Like the mysteries of a forest,
 Where a strange soul is trembling,
 Where stillness has a voice;
 Our love is a sacred thing!
 Our love is an infinite thing,
 Like the paths of sunsets,
 Where the sea united with the skies,
 Slumbers under declining suns;
 Our love is an eternal thing,
 Like all things that Almighty God
 Has touched with fire of his wing,
 Like all that comes from the heart;
 Our love is an eternal thing!

Die Spröde - The Prude (poet: Goethe)

On a clear spring morning the shepherds strolled and sang,
 Young, dodely and carefree and it rang
 Through the fields, so la la, le ralla.

For a kiss thyrisis offered her two three lambs on the spot
 She looked roquishly for a moment, but she laughed
 as she went, so la la, le ralla.
 And another bid her ribbons and a third bid his heart,
 But she made fun of heart and ribbons as she had with the lambs only la la! le ralla.

Die Bekehrte - The Convert (poet: Goethe)

In the glow of the setting sun I walked gently through the wood;
 Damon sat and played his flute that it echoed from the rocks. So la la!
 And he drew me down to him, kissed me so tenderly, so sweetly.
 And I said, "Play again" and the good lad played. So la la.
 My peace is now lost, my joy has flown, and I hear in my ears always and only
 The old tune so la la!

Auf ein altes Bild - On an old painting (poet: Moericke)

In a green summer meadow,
 By cool water, reeds and rushes,
 Look how the innocent boy
 Plays happily upon the Virgin's knee!
 And there in the enchanted wood
 The tree for the cross is already in leaf!

Elfenlied - Song of the Elf (poet: Moericke)

At night in the village the watchman cried, "Eleven!"
 A tiny little elf in the forest
 Was fast asleep at eleven o'clock!
 And he thought that the nightingale in the valley
 Was calling him by his name,
 Or that silpelit had summoned him.
 The elf rubs his eyes open,
 Sets out his snail-shell house
 And is just like a drunken man,
 As his nap was not quite finished.
 He stumbles then, tippety-tap,
 Through the hayel-wood into the valley below,

Elfenlied - Song of the Elf (Continued)

He stumbles then, tippety-tap,
 Through the hayel-wood into the valley below,
 Creeps very close to the wall,
 Where sit the glow-worms, light upon light.
 "What are all those bright little windows?
 There must be a wedding in there:
 The little ones are sitting at a meal
 And amusing themselves in the hall.
 I will just peep a bit inside!"
 Ouch! He has banged his head on a hardstone!
 Elf, now then, have you had enough?
 Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson set to music
by Aaron Copland

These songs were composed during March of 1949
 to March of 1950. They are the first works
 the composer has written for solo voice and
 piano since 1928. "The poems center about no
 single theme, but they treat the subject matter
 particularly close to Miss Dickinson: nature,
 death, life and eternity."